

HIGH LIGHTS



April - 1947

Alfred James Berry

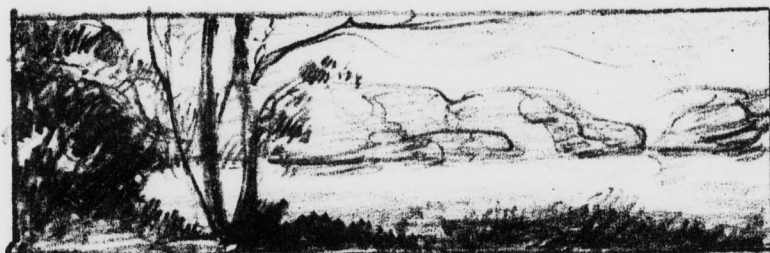
SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD





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HIGH LIGHTS

APRIL 1947

Volume 8 Number 2

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ILLUSTRATIONS

The cover drawing and those of the advertisements are lithographs, the work of Alfred James Dewey. The lettering is the work of Elmer M. Weese, commercial artist. The printing of the covers was done by George Mcgridge at Pasadena, California.

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued odd monthly by the Sierra Madre Arts Guild, Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Lane, Sierra Madre, California.

MANILA CRONE

Charles H. Bratton

O cateress to drunks, the vile, the sad,
Were you always evil, always bad?
Did you not once in wonder feel the ache
Of thirsts no understanding taught to slake,
Oppressed by innocence that sighed and sung
Disconsolate? Oh, were you ever young?

You sit, a loathsome spider, in your shop
Purveying fading flesh to all who stop;
You batten fat on youth, a lovely thing
When unbesmirched by cash and trafficking.
And ever through your sad seraglio
The little brown skin houris come and go.

O shapeless mass of flabby wobbling fat,
What destiny makes this your habitat?
O raddled hulk of vice personified,
What sinister sorry secrets do you hide?
Enormous arms all bleached fish-belly white
With your unceasing labors of the night,
Like slimy slug that shuns the sun and crawls
On evil errand when the darkness falls,
Oppressed by obscene fat you limp and groan
And grumble hoarsely in a monotone,
Sink sighing then to overflow a chair
With sweating, doughy flesh. Immobile there
You sat, a sinful Buddha carved in jelly,
A shapeless mass of hanging dugs and belly.

Atop the formless heap, poised strangely small,
A head deep etched with evil's ghastly scrawl;
Beaked nose as cruel as of a bird of prey
Over toothless, inward sunken lips of grey;
And Hecate's chin, dewlapped and bellicose,
Juts upward witchlike almost to the nose.
On muddy orbs, malevolent and sly,
A drooping eyelid curtains half one eye
And seems to wink at some sardonic joke
That memories of a million men invoke.

Metallic accents, measured out like money,
Greet every new arrival, calling "honey,"
You con as greedily gay or furtive air,
The unseen price mark on his clothes with care,
Weighing the drunk to a precise degree,
And fawning, wheedling, calculate the fee.



The restless men, the brave or fugitive,
The seekers after dreams who sail the main
Pursuing chimeras provocative,
And bear upon their brows the mark of Cain ...
What fair-haired sailor coaxed her on the path
That leads to Avernus? When she said nay,
Pledged everlasting love? For aftermath,
Gave her five dollars Mex, and sailed away?
Oh, ask the waves whose murmurs polyglot
Give no apparent answer. She forgot.

She bloomed, a tropic orchid twining round
Staunch men like Ipil or like Camagong,
Bold, tall and strong, to keep her jeweled and gowned.
Great men she loved - the pirate Limahong,
Legaspi, Villalobos, and Magellan
Laid sword-begotten plunder at her feet.
She smiled and murmured lies to saint or felon
And left them empty purses and defeat.

How quick she learned, our frail and lovely scholar,
To put her faith in nothing - but the dollar.

GUILD MEETING

Through the efforts of Dr. and Mrs. J. Earl Gos-
sard, an interesting program on Chinese art has been ar-
ranged for the April meeting of the Guild, to be held on
Friday evening, April 11, at 8:30 p.m., at the Old Studio,
28 Windsor Lane, Sierra Madre.

Two noted Chinese painters of Chinese landscape,
Mr. Pihan C. K. Chang, the director of the Art Academy of
Shanghai, and Professor C. C. Wang of the Fine Arts Insti-
tute of Shanghai and Soochow, will discuss and demonstrate
some of their paintings and will on Chinese art.

The members of the China American Society of Pasa-
dena have been invited to attend this meeting. In case the
size of the audience warrents it, therefore, arrangements
have been made to transfer the meeting to the council cham-
ber of the City Hall nearby.

THE ARTISTS

Caroline Rohland, whose "The Banjo Player" appears here, has long been an artist of national reputation and has traveled widely and painted in all parts of the nation as well as abroad. Familiar with many techniques, she works equally well in oils, water colors, monotypes and engravings, as well as in the medium of the lithograph.

Mrs. Rohland is now conducting classes in art for children at her studio at 670 Alta Vista Drive, in Sierra Madre. It is obvious from a recent showing of her pupils' work, that she is an excellent teacher.

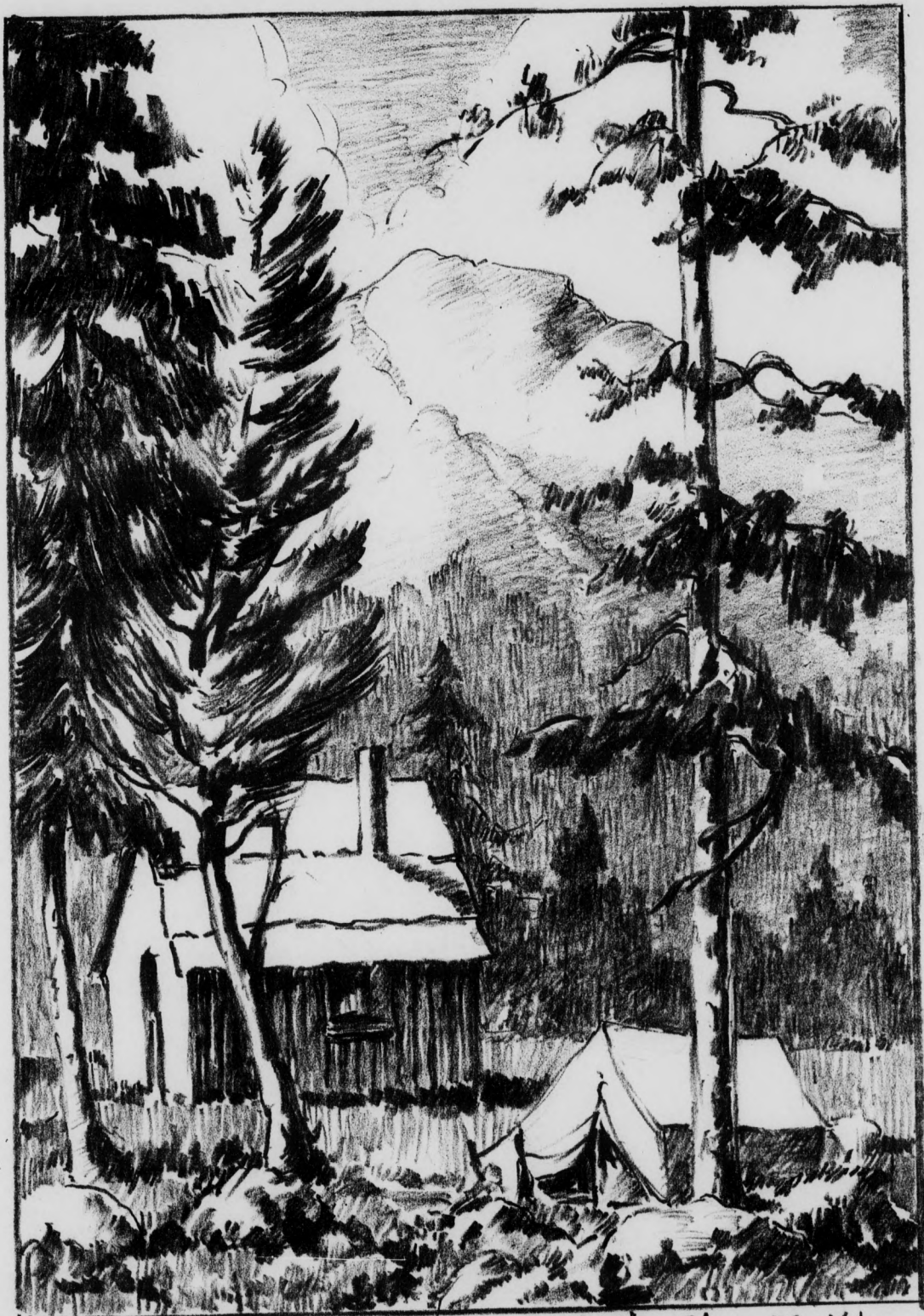
Catherine Tuttle is a native Californian, a graduate of Pomona College, majoring in art, with one year of post-graduate work in art at the University of California, fitting her as a teacher of art in the Los Angeles city schools. She is a member of the Women Painters of the West. Her favorite medium is the water color, while her favorite subject is the landscape.

Mrs. Tuttle taught art for a number of years in the public schools. At present she conducts a studio near her home, 152 E. Laurel Street, Sierra Madre.

Bernard Wynne began painting at the age of 14. He studied art for a number of years under Alfred James Dewey, and has also studied under James Chapin at Claremont College and under S. MacDonald Wright and Ejnar Hansen at the Pasadena Art Institute. He works in all mediums, but his specialties are water color marines, and portraits in oils and pastel.

Bernard spent three years with the Army. While he was overseas he made numerous sketches of native life and scenes in New Guinea, New Britain and in the Philippines. His sketch appearing here is of a native chapel in Luzon.

An exhibition of the work of Sierra Madre artists has been requested by Miss Dickey, Exhibit Assistant, for some time in early June at the State Exposition Building in Exposition Park, Los Angeles. Exact date announced later.



Mountain Camp

Catherine Tuttle

APRIL 1947

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LETTER FROM JAPAN

Pvt. R. H. Johnstone

I arrived in Yokohama, Japan, on the 26th of December. We were thirteen days at sea. We departed from San Francisco Bay - went under the Golden Gate Bridge at approximately six p.m. (sunset), and by Alcatraz Island. All very interesting. When I get out of the Army I hope that I will get to see more of Frisco, since from what I saw it is quite a city. Going out of the bay we had to stop for most of the night due to fog.

The ship was a converted freighter, made into a transport. There were 1300 men aboard. For about the first four days nearly everyone on board was seasick. I felt terrible myself, but finally got used to the rolling and all the bouncing about.

As you have probably read in the papers, Yokohama recently had some tidal waves and earthquakes. Well, we were on the tail end of that storm. From the eighth day of our trip through the twelfth we were ordered to stay below decks, as the waves were breaking over the top. We were all really scared, since the ship's nose would rear up almost straight into the air and then come down with such a terrific speed that the deck would seem to drop from under our feet. Besides all that, the ship would rock sideways so much that it would take on water away up on deck - I mean that each side would go down so far that it would dip into the water.

On the 25th (Christmas Day) we had a wonderful dinner on board - all the turkey we could eat with everything that goes with it. The Red Cross even supplied each man with a present. I received toilet articles, plus a hair brush and comb. It was all very nice.

About dawnbreak of the 26th, we finally arrived in Tokyo Bay. Everything was in ruins from the bombings. There were sunken ships with just their smokestacks out of water. Of course, going into the bay, we were swarmed upon by many Jap fishing boats with whole families aboard, all begging for cigarettes. These Japs over here will give ten dollars or more for a carton of cigarettes.

After we had tied up alongside the dock, we disembarked from the ship and were put aboard a Jap train. These trains are very neat but very tiny as compared with those of the U.S. Unlike those of home, too, these trains travel

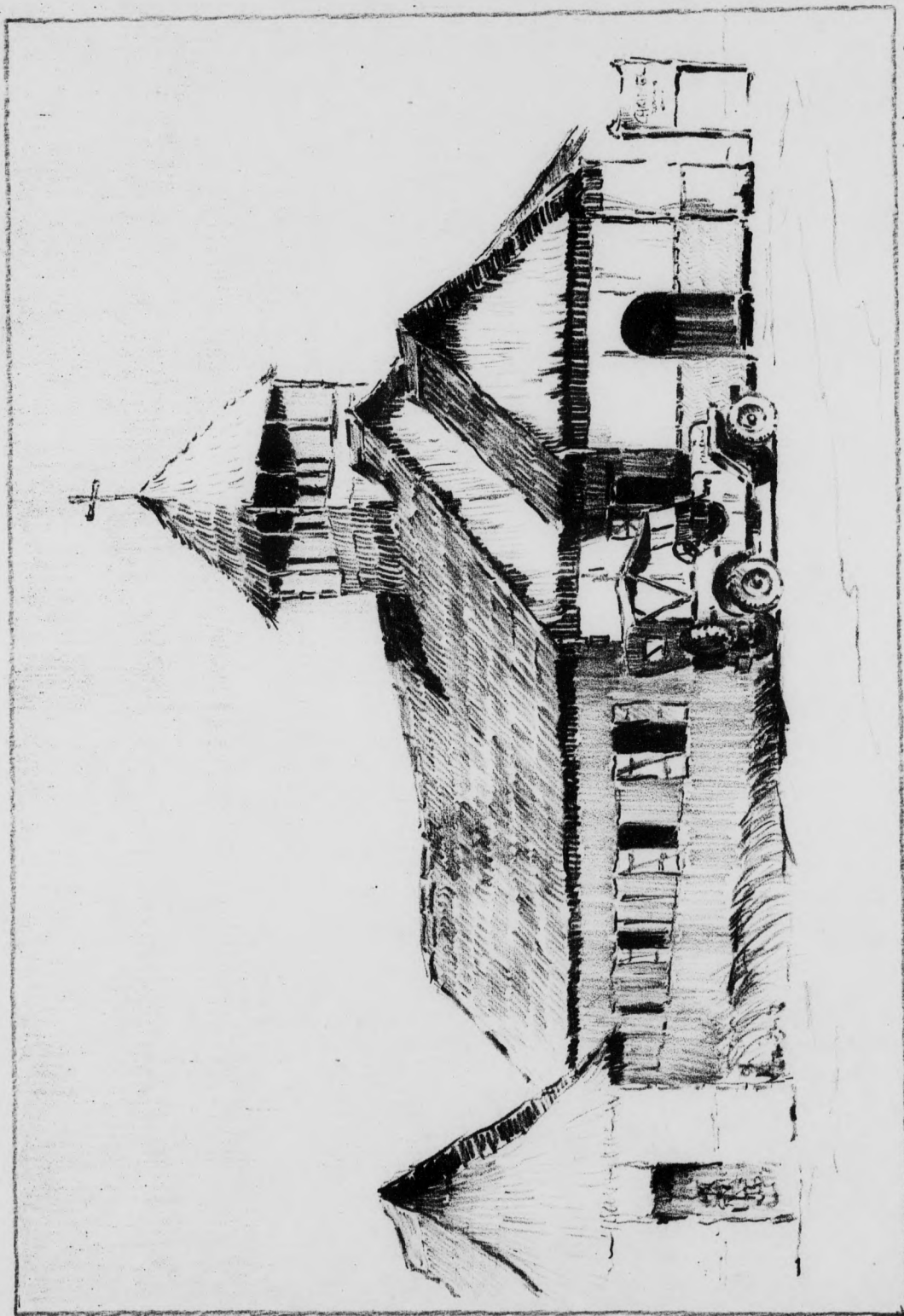
about fifteen miles an hour and make a stop about every two or three miles. It takes half a day to go about 25 miles. I had time enough, anyway, to get a good view of the countryside. It seems as though every inch of ground is cultivated where in some spots they even grow vegetables between the railroad ties.

We got off the train in Zama, where Japan's biggest military academy used to be. This was our replacement depot. The buildings have been converted now into barracks. These barracks are all very flimsy, in fact so flimsy, they say, that a complete two story building will burn down in five minutes. So they have buckets of water inside these buildings spaced about every three feet. This town of Zama is a very small, primitive village, which they had us march through during the three days when I was in camp there - a regular routine with the Army, just to show the Japs that we still have some strength. From this camp they ship us to the branch of service wherever they are in need of replacements.

Well, we were shipped out from Zama to the 21st Infantry (8th Army). This is on the island of Kyushu, on the southernmost tip of Japan. It was very interesting coming down here as we had to go by train again. It took three days. We came through Nagoya, Nagasaki and Hiroshima. They were all completely flattened from the bombings. I am now in the town of Kumamoto. The training here lasts about 12 hours a day for the next five weeks. Then, I don't know what's coming off. I know for certain now that I will not be transferred to the Philippines since we're in the 8th Army and at present it is headquartered here in Japan (Far East Command).

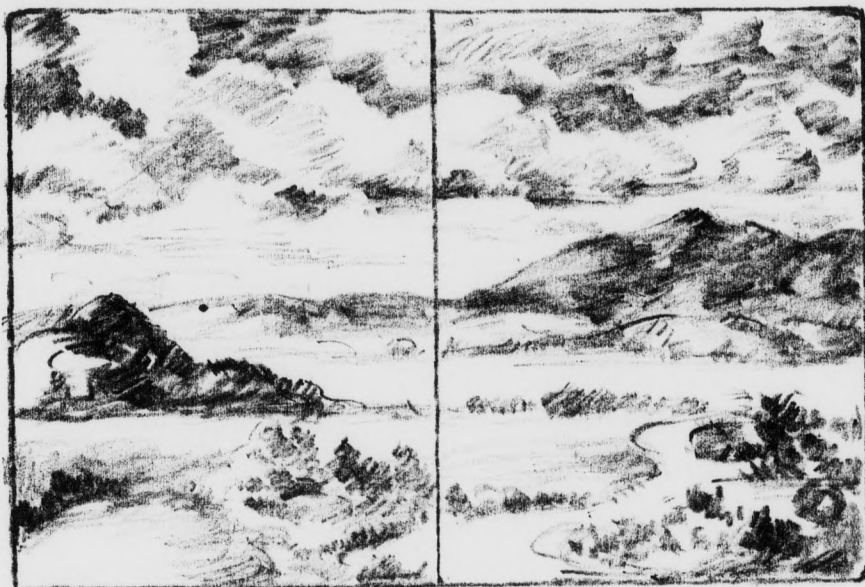
Sunday I went into town (Kumamoto) and took some snapshots, which I am going to send home. You mention that the canyon there in Sierra Madre is awfully cold. I wish it were only that cold some of the time over here. It has been below freezing temperature here all along. We can't keep warm; yet, we wear so many clothes. I've been wearing summer underwear along with winter long underwear, as well as shirt, sweater, a fatigue jacket, a field jacket, overcoat, cap with ear covers, and boots. Yet I'm freezing. It's even worse than Washington. I'll bet the canyon is very pretty right now.

Well, the lights are due to go out in about a minute or two, so I will leave off until some other time. In case anyone wants to write me, my address is: RA 19246075, Co. I, 21st Inf. Reg., APO 24, % Postmaster, San Francisco.



Bernard Wynne

Philippine Chapel, Luzon P.I.

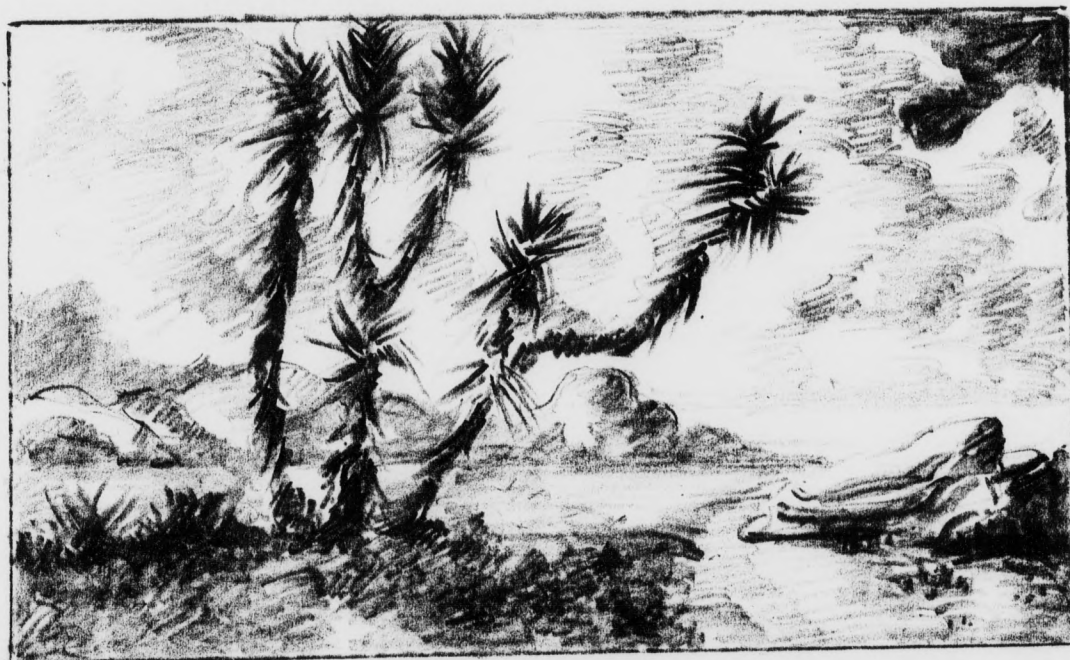


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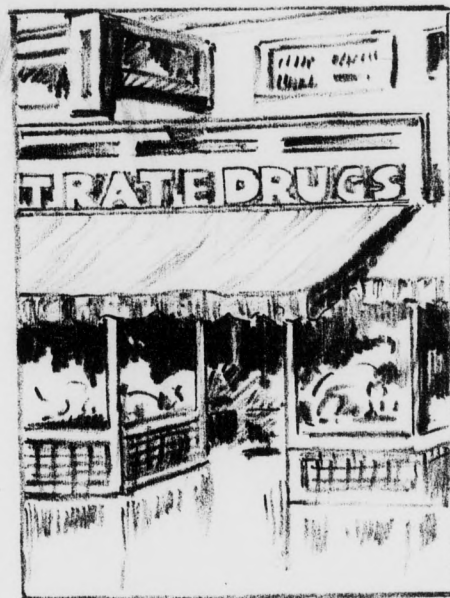


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